

Memories from grandma's house essay

[Media](#), [Television](#)



Some of the best memories of my life are from my Grandma's house. When I was a kid my most favorite place to visit was always my Grandma's house. This was the place I would go before and after school. I always loved going to her house because it made me feel safe since I knew I would not be alone. In the winter I was warm because she always had a crackling fire on those cold and rainy days. It seemed like there was always the smell of freshly brewed coffee. As a matter of fact, it seemed like my Grandma was always making coffee. Grandpa always had a hot steamy cup of coffee in his hands and it was the first thing Grandma offered company when they came to visit.

I can even remember the collection of coffee cups that were so meticulously lined up on the first two shelves of the cabinets. There were cups with every state name on them, red cups, white cups, cups with Elvis and Christmas cups. Nowadays if I smell coffee, I fondly think of my Grandma's house. The house was a small, white cottage-style with black trimming and a beautiful flower garden that led up to the front door. I can still smell the aroma of freshly cut flowers that would occupy the crystal clear glass vase on the dining room table. There were draping, well-established grape vines that covered the wooden arbor as you pulled into the driveway. It was the house my Grandma had lived in for most of her life and you could almost see the memories that encumbered the atmosphere.

When I entered her house it was usually through the back door where I would have to navigate my way through the very flimsy, squeaky screen door that lead VanCleave 2 nto a somewhat minuscule enclosed back porch. I can still remember the feel of the old metal handle that was loosely attached to the door. There was always a neatly stacked pile of wood on the

back porch. The gray paint on the floor was scratched and chipped away from all the years of abuse absorbed by the constant restocking of wood. It was hard to pass by the wood pile without inhaling a deep breath of crisp cedar and oak.

In the summer we would play in the pond behind my Grandma's house, although, it looked more like a swamp than a pond. There was a huge oak tree that hovered over one side of the pond that created an ideal location for the ever-popular rope swing. The squeaking of the rope wrapped around the old oak's hearty branch could be heard all the way back at the house. It was how Grandma knew where the kids were at and she knew we were having fun.

There was always an abundance of kids when it came time to take a dip in the pond. Even though the pond was black as night and filled with Water Moccasins, bullfrogs, tadpoles and fish, there was never a moment of fear when it came time to jump in. Not only would we go to the pond to swim, we would also go there to fish as well.

At night we would build a campfire by the pond, tell scary stories, and listen to the well orchestrated sounds of the frogs and crickets echo into the night. On Sundays Grandma would cook a huge dinner. Everyone was expected to come to her house after church. The men would be in the den watching TV while the women cooked. They would cook chicken and dumplings, collard greens, peas and sweet potato pie. All of the kids had to stay outside and play, so not to get in the way. The taste of my Grandma's food is something that I will savor for a lifetime. Her chicken and dumplings were almost un-describable.

The chicken was as tender and succulent as nothing that I've ever experienced since, and the dumplings would practically melt in your mouth. If family came from out of town, the food supply would seem endless. Afterward, everyone was sent home with large smiles and feelings of gratitude knowing that their bellies were full. Recently, I returned to my Grandma's house. It seemed so empty because no one has lived there since my Grandma passed away. Some of the windows are cracked and broken, and the house is run down. The grape vine that once covered the wooden arbor that welcomed family and visitors is now merely two old splintered pieces of wood.

The once illustrious garden has been reduced to nothing more than a patch of over-grown weeds and dirt and the wonderful pond is completely dried up. The old grandfather oak tree that stood so tall and mighty hovering over the pond has been reduced to a hollowed stump of burnt oak, compliments of Mother Nature delivering one well-placed bolt of lightning. The house that shared so many savory dinners and exciting memories was now cold and uninhabitable. As I walked through the house, the floors creaked eerily with every step I took.

I closed my eyes and imagined the family sitting at the table enjoying Sunday dinner, but now, things just don't seem the same.